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## CONTINUATION OF CHURCHILL'S ROS-

CIAD, BY MRS. O'NEILL.

.....“ Garrick take the chair ;  
Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there.”  
ROSCIAD.

BUT still the Muse with penetrating eyes,  
Views from afar a lovely form arise,  
Who e'er twelve annual suns have passed away,  
Shall on this throne support an equal sway,  
By either Muse inspir'd, with light divine  
Shall share your honours and illustrate mine.  
Her magic form and melting strains shall spread  
New wreaths of laurel, e'en for Shakespeare's head ;  
Nor genius only shall adorn the fair,  
Virtue, shall mark her as the public care ;  
Virtue, shall guide her in the paths of fame,  
And grace her fairest rolls with Siddons' name.

VERSES ON A GLASS PEN PRESENTED  
BY A GENTLEMAN OF SIXTY TO A LADY OF FOURTEEN.

I VOW I ne'er will deign again  
To borrow from a goose's wing,  
Or be indebted for a pen  
To that dull, stupid, waddling thing.

Dear youth ! with what a charming air,  
This precious gift he did impart :  
He cried, “ Take this my lovely fair,”  
And then exchanged it for my heart.

But ah ! to ev'ry fair he meets,  
The same soft, flattering tale he tells ;  
To every maid he still repeats,  
“ With love for thee my bosom swells.”

Let Cowley boast his numerous fair,  
They govern'd only in their turn,  
But Caulfield quite out-does him there,  
For all his flames at once do burn.

Grant me, kind fate, in pity grant  
The key to his inconstant heart :  
Then for no other maid he'll pant :  
No eyes but mine shall heal his smart.

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## THE ANSWER.

To fix my ever roving heart,  
Sweet Fanny would you make a trial ;  
Ah ! rather shew your utmost art,  
And fix the shadow to the dial :

Yet cease to blame them, as they rove,  
An equal glorious course they run,  
My faithful heart is true to love,  
As the fond shadow to the sun.

For while I live my happy life  
No way-ward care shall e'er perplex ;  
I'll fly from envy, malice, strife,  
And seek my refuge in your sex.

Dear child ! with pleasure let me sing ;  
Thine opening charms will soon disclose,  
That from the culture of the spring,  
In summer we enjoy the rose.

Yet in my fragile gift discern  
Beauty as fragile in degree ;  
So shall my sprightly Fanny learn  
To be beloved at sixty-three.

## SELECTED POETRY.

## VERSES ON HEARING THAT THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES WEPT ON HEARING A DIFFERENCE OF SENTIMENT EXPRESSED BETWEEN HER FATHER AND HIS OLD FRIENDS.

WEEP, Daughter of a Royal line,  
A sire's disgrace, a realm's decay ;  
Ah ! happy if each tear of thine  
Could wash a Father's guilt away.

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears,  
Auspicious to these suffering Isles ;  
And be each drop, in future years  
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles.

## TO .....

DIE when you will, you need not wear  
At Heaven's court a form more fair,  
Than beauty at your birth has given.  
Keep but the lips, the eyes we see,  
The voice we hear, and you will be  
An angel ready made for Heaven.

B d d